Local Classified Advertising

Small Hotels and Pensions in Europe

ENGLAND

BOURNEMOUTH, Dorset

BOURNEMOUTH (Continued)

CRANLEIGH HOTEL
Bournemouth's Central Position
Recommended for its personal attention to Guests' comfort. Lounge and Dining Rooms face South and overlook Pleasure Gardens. Separate tables. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff. Illustrated booklet on application to Manager.

BRIDGMONT, Dorset "Phone: 1 mile."

BRIDGMONT HOTEL Overlooking Sea and Gardens. Central position. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Lounge. Billiards. Garage. Illustrated booklet. Tel. 1 Bridgmont.

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BOURNEMOUTH Delightful Position Central. Modern Comfort. Separate Tables. Lounge. Billiards. Garage. Illustrated booklet. Tel. 1 Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH "Phone: Bournemouth

Daily Features

After the Storm

A Cloud Silhouette Sent to the Monitor Camera Club by Charles Wehrle, Remer, Minn.

Children's Corner

The Little Goat Cart

A "STORY," sang Doris and Donald together, as they climbed up on Uncle Bob's lap after dinner.

"A story?" said Uncle Bob, putting down his paper and looking down over his nose at the children. "You mean just any story?"

"Oh, no," said Doris, snuggling into the crook of Uncle Bob's arm. "Tell us the one about the grown-up lady and the keeper at the zoo."

"And the little goat cart that made them remember," added Donald, who was sitting very straight on Uncle Bob's knees so as not to miss anything.

"Oh, that one," said Uncle Bob, settling back. "Well, the grown-up lady and the man at the zoo got to talking about the old, old goat cart in the pony ring. And the grown-up lady said to the man at the zoo: 'I used to ride in a goat cart just like this one. It was a long time ago, in this very park. I was just a little girl.'

"That made the man at the zoo happy, didn't it?" asked Doris, who had heard the story before.

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Bob. "Very happy indeed. It made him happy to think that someone else remembered the goat cart because, a long time ago, he had taken small passengers through the park in just such a cart. Only, of course, there weren't any ponies in those days."

"Oh, no," said Donald in a wise young voice, "there was a team of goats."

"Yes," said Uncle Bob, "and when the man at the zoo told the grown-up lady about the goats she smiled happily and said she remembered.

"That was when she had a twinkle in her eye," put in Doris, who was listening to every word, even though she was curled up comfortably against Uncle Bob's arm.

"To be sure," said Uncle Bob. "A very jolly twinkle. But the man at the zoo didn't see the jolly twinkle. He just kept on talking about the days long ago. He told her about the little girl that came to ride in the goat cart every day."

"The little girl with long yellow curls and freckles on her nose," put in Doris.

"The little girl who named the two goats Bertie and Merrie, after her twin dolls at home," added Donald.

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Bob, and it kept him busy nodding to both the children, "and when the grown-up lady heard all that she began to chuckle to herself and it seemed as if the laughter in her eyes had crept right into her voice when she asked the man if he remembered the little girl's name. 'Let me see,' said the man at the zoo, thinking out loud, 'it was—' Arabella and it wasn't. Genevieve. It wasn't Henrietta nor Sally Mae.'"

"Nor Esmeralda," said Doris, sinking her head.

"No," said Uncle Bob, slowly shaking his head, "the man at the zoo knew it wasn't any of those names. And finally the grown-up lady couldn't keep her secret any longer and she helped him out. With a happy laugh she told him, 'I'll tell you what her name was,' she said, 'because I was that little girl!'

"We know, we know," said Doris and Donald, giving their uncle a good-night hug, for they knew this was almost the end of the story and they always finished it themselves. "I've cut off my curls and given away my twin dolls," came their singing voices as they scampered off to bed, "but I'm Mary Martha Brown and I've still got the freckles on my nose."

Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

"Yon Mean Just Any Story?"
Asked Uncle Bob

What They Say

Labor's Reward

"Labor never receives an adequate share of the value in the creation of which it is the chief factor."—Shermood Eddy.

Mr. Pickwick

"Pickwick . . . represents the average Englishman infinitely better than Hamlet."—Andre Maurois.

Facts about the Bible

Prepared for The Christian Science Monitor by Thomas L. Leishman, M. A.

Sin as "Ruin"

THE Hebrew word ra', which is employed in many Old Testament passages, is generally translated either "wickedness" or "evil" in our Common Version, and would seem to be connected with the root ra'a', a verb which means "to break or ruin" (Brown, Driver, Briggs: Hebrew Lexicon, p. 949). "to break in pieces or shatter" (Harkavy: Hebrew and Chaldee Dictionary, p. 678).

This particular term for wrong-doing thus suggests not only the essentially and actively disruptive nature of sin, but also the individual and social ruin which is apt to follow as a consequence of its indulgence. When the Psalmist writes: "My prayer also shall be in their calamities," he is using the same word ra' (Psalms 141:5), as is the author of the book of Ecclesiastes when he bemoans the fact that "the misery of man is great upon him" (Eccles. 8:8); while Samuel employs it in calling upon the people of his day to remember that it was God who had saved them out of all their "adversities" (1 Sam. 10:19).

Worth Knowing

FRISIAN PEASANTS IN NORTHERN GERMANY USE VAULTING POLES TO GET OVER THE NUMEROUS DRAINAGE DITCHES IN THE REGION

Prepared for The Christian Science Monitor

The South Through a Windshield

By Across Louisiana

FROM New Orleans we headed west, ferrying across the Mississippi at the foot of Broadway (cost us 25 cents), and followed our old faithful U. S. 90. The highway just west of the city is surfaced, but isn't anything to write home about. Huey Long, however, seems to have received a bit over New Orleans, and is building a new concrete slab which will bring visitors from the west sky-roaring across the Mississippi, high up over an amazing piece of bridge construction. The bridge is well advanced; and Huey promises that there will be no toll!

We had not driven far before we came alongside an interesting old canal lined with Negro cabins. The occupants are employed on the vast plantations that spread over the flat country as far as one can see. Cane, cotton, and rice are the popular crops. It was afternoon, and almost every Negro we saw—man, woman, or child—was either going fishing, or had just been. The little garden patches along the canal banks were thriving.

Across this stretch of Louisiana we were impressed by the absence of ditch-hikers; there was practically no air-cooling of thumbs.

Franklin, La., gave us a welcome we shall not soon forget. The citizens there have an eye to beauty; and they have planted an attractive row of palms down the center of the highway. Then came New Iberia, where your pepper sauce and tobacco sauce come from. Here, too, along the Bayou Teche, are laid scenes of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Not to be outdone by peppers, salt is important here; and great mines are located near by, among them the one which assures you regarding its product that "when it rains it pours."

After an overnight stop at busy Lafayette, we sped on into Lake Charles. And shall we ever forget the breakfast that the lady who runs the Majestic asked her Miss Tillie to prepare! Perhaps this good old Negro mammy, who has been in the proprietor's family ever since she can remember, and now is chief emeritus at the hotel, will some day tell a waiting world that recipe for corn cakes. And such sausage!

The young folks of Lake Charles entertain with "morning coffees" instead of afternoon teas. And we were in time to see the flower in local society come trooping in. Lake Charles, however, has something besides attractive young ladies to command interest. Although 35 miles inland, it is—thanks to a remarkable ship canal—a promising seaport. Lake Charles is also headquarters for the great oil industry in southwestern Louisiana.—DAILY FEATURES EDITOR.

(To be continued)

Autogiro With 'Jump' Take-Off Made Ready for Manufacture

The "jump" take-off of the roadable autogiro, whereby the plane can take off vertically, is confirmed by Harold F. Pitcairn, its American developer, as a practical possibility.

Mr. Pitcairn, heretofore silent about recent developments on the autogiro now being tested by the Government for a private mass market, recently described its features for the first time. He gave credit to Juan de la Cierva for the improvements of the new autogiro.

These improvements, Mr. Pitcairn said, are embodied in "jump" take-off and direct control features, which are part of the design of the roadable-giro's wingless forerunner which has been tested in Washington and New York.

The "Bite"

In a "jump" take-off, the wind-mill-like blades of the autogiro, which maintain the craft in flight, are driven by the motor at a high rate of speed and small incidence to the air. At this great speed, the incidence of the blades is suddenly increased, causing them to take a huge "bite" on the air. By this sudden increase of lifting energy, the gyro leaves the ground like a child's toy blade on a spiral stick.

"By combining folding rotor blades and a simple road drive mechanism with the ability to rise and descend in practically a vertical line," said Mr. Pitcairn, "we believe we have evolved the prototype of a machine that will substantially widen the scope of workaday business and social life. This will, of course, only occur if and when large-scale production makes low prices possible, but there is no reason why that condition should not eventually hold true.

Folding Blades

"While the machine as a whole will be new and somewhat radical, each of the features in its design has been carefully tested or has now reached the point where its success is beyond reasonable doubt. We can already fold the blades so that the machine can be housed in a space about the size of a one car garage; direct control, which immensely simplifies flying, has been thoroughly tested; vertical descent has been an accomplished fact for some time.

"The road drive mechanism by which we convert the machine, with its rotor blades folded, to a motorcar for the highway, is merely an adaptation of automobile practice and should present little difficulty. Naturally, the first machines will contain only the simplest elements of a road drive mechanism, to preserve lightness. The machine will be primarily a good flying craft, and security and economy in the air will not be sacrificed for performance on the road.

Twenty to the Gallon

"With a small motor the gasoline mileage in the air should be around 20 miles to the gallon at a cruising speed of about 100 miles per hour. For the present, we shall confine the road speed to about 20 or 25 miles per hour.

"There are, of course, many real problems to be worked out. Such matters as the requirements for motorcar accessories, lights, horns and mufflers will be interesting and possibly amusing questions."

* * *

More power from smaller engines, both for automobile and airplane, is predicted by Joseph A. Anglada, former chairman of the metropolitan section of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

"Added to the gains made during the past few years through the use of higher compression and higher speeds, will be another and possibly even more important advance. This will be the introduction of a new type of valve, which instead of reciprocating as our present valves do, will rotate. The result will be a gain in power, economy and quietness."

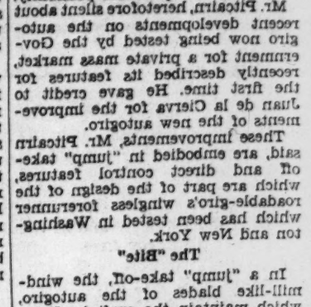
Chess

By Frederick R. Chevalier

Problem No. 1717

By A. F. Janovic

Black — 11 Pieces



White — 9 Pieces

White to play and mate in two moves.

(First prize, Revista Romana)

Problem No. 1718

By E. Pleenity

Black — 14 Pieces

White — 11 Pieces

White to play and win

Notes

Dr. Alekhine ran true to form in winning the Swedish masters tournament at Orebro without the loss of a game. Scores of the leaders were Dr. Alekhine, 8½-½; Lundin, 7½-1½; Stahlberg, 6½-2½; Stoltz, 6-3.

Leonard B. Meyer, president of the Metropolitan Chess League of New York, awarded prizes for the most brilliant game of the season to Edison Price for his win over H. Silberman, and for the best played game to A. C. Simonson for his win over Milton Hanauer.

Announcement is made that Dr. Alekhine will again take his place in the lineup of France for the international team tournament, which occurs at Warsaw, Poland, in August.

Numerous interzonal chess matches have been arranged between New England cities for the next few weeks. Providence plays New Bedford May 4, and the following week opposes Central Falls. A Boston vs. Worcester match is tentatively set for May 25.

Euwe's recent play is significant in view of his coming match with Alekhine for the world's championship. In this game, played Dec. 20 in Amsterdam, he displayed the excellent form which carried him to a tie for first place in the Hastings tournament, then a week on.

Euwe White	Landau Black	Euwe White	Landau Black
1 P-QB4	P-QB3	18 B-K4	Q-R3(1)
2 P-K4	P-Q4	19 KBxKt	PxB
3 KtPxP	PxP	20 Q-Kt3	Kt-Kt2
4 P-Q4	Kt-KB3	21 Kt(Kt3)-B5	Q-Kt3
5 Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	22 B-Kt3	Q-R5(2)
6 Q-Kt3	B-Kt2	23 Kt-Kt3	R-Q2
7 PxP	Castles	24 BxB	RxR
8 Kt-Q2(b)	Kt(Kt3)-Q2	25 RxR	Q-B5
9 B-B3	Kt-K	26 R-Q4	Q-B4
10 Kt(Kt-K2	Kt-Q3	27 Q-Kt5	R-K
11 Castles	Q-Kt3	28 P-KR4	P-KR4
12 B-Kt5	Kt-Kt4(c)	29 QxRP	B-B
13 P-Q5(d)	QxP(Q3)	30 Kt-Kt4	Q-B8ch
14 Kt-Q5	P-Kt3(e)	31 R-Q	Q-Kt5
15 B-B4	P-Kt4	32 Q-Kt3	Q-Kt5
16 PxP	KtxP	33 Q-R6	Resigns
17 QR-Q	B-Kt3		

(a) Euwe, playing Black against Botvinnik in the recent Hastings tournament, continued 5 . . . Kt-QB3, and after 6 B-Kt5, P-K3; 7 Kt-B3, PxP, was able to win the isolated QP in time. The text entails a temporary P sacrifice, previously sanctioned by master play, which may be incorrect.

(b) White's plan to support the QP with his KB at KB3 also discourages Black from Bandoctoring his QB.

(c) The relatively simple 12 . . . Q-Q2; 13 PxQ, R-K might eventually react in Black's favor, owing to the pair of doubled pawns once Black is able to free his pieces. The text leads to highly complicated piece play—the type of game most interesting to play and replay.

(d) Vacating the square for the QKt. In reply to the text, the exchange of queens is less satisfactory for Black than previously, for now White has a strong Kt to post at Q5.

(e) White threatens both B-B4 and 17 Black plays P-K4, for example, P-KKt4.

(1) 18 . . . K-R is correct. The text allows White to break the Black K-side P line, with fatal consequences.

(2) This allows White to gain time for the K-side attack. Better QP-B4. Now Black has to exchange the valuable KB, and is soon unable to avoid mating threats.

Here is another of Botvinnik's victories at Moscow. Adopting the Grunfeld Defense to the QP Game, he soon had an equal game, and outplayed the Russian opponent in complications on the Q side.

Indian Defense

Gogolidze White	Botvinnik Black	Gogolidze White	Botvinnik Black
1 P-Q4	Kt-KB3	22 B-Kt3	KR-B
2 P-QB4	P-KKt3	23 Kt-Kt4	P-Kt4
3 Kt-QB3	P-Q4	24 PxP	KtxKtP
4 Kt-B3	B-Kt2	25 Kt-K5	B-Q4
5 B-Kt5	Kt-K5	26 B-Kt2	B-B
6 Q-Kt3(a)	KtxKt	27 Q-Kt5	P-Q3
7 PxKt	Castles	28 Q-Q3	P-K5
8 P-K3	P-QB4	29 Q-Kt	Q-B7
9 B-K2	Q-B2	30 Kt-B3	QxB
10 Castles	P-Kt3	31 BxB	QxB
11 P-QR4	Kt-B3	32 QxKt	QR-Kt
12 Q-R3	Kt-K4	33 Q-Q6	QxRch
13 Kt-Q2	B-Kt2	34 KxQ	R-Kt8ch
14 Kt-Kt3	P-P	Resigns	
15 BPxP(b)	Kt-B5		

(a) This doesn't present Black with any opening problems of consequence.

(b) If 15 KtxKt, Black would probably play the inviting P-Q4, with formidable pressure on White's QBP.

(c) White is already in difficulties. Better is 24 B-Q, but after QxQ; 25 RxQ, B-Kt5, Black will be in a position to advance his RP.

Radiocast Programs of Christian Science

Following are recent additions to and changes in the last published schedule of these programs. A complete list will appear on the first Thursday of each month. These broadcasts are prepared by The Christian Science Monitor and released through the Committees on Publication. All times are local.

New Stations

Illinois

Bloomington—Week days, no regular time assigned, WJBC, 1200kc.

North Carolina

Rocky Mount—Sunday, May 12 and 19, 1:30 p. m., WEED, 1420kc.

Ohio

Dayton—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, May 9, 10, 11; 7:30 a. m.; Sunday, May 12, 4:45 p. m., WHIO, 1300kc.

Wyoming

Casper—May 8 to 11, inclusive, 9 a. m., KDFN, 1440kc.

Changes in Schedule

Indiana

Elkhart—Friday and Saturday, May 3 and 4, 8:30 p. m., WTRC, 1310kc.

Maryland

Hagerstown—Saturday, May 4 and 18, 9 a. m., WJEJ, 1310kc.

Missouri

Columbia—Sundays, 8:30 p. m., KFRU, 630kc.

Oklahoma

Oklahoma City—Second and fourth Sunday, 4:30 p. m., KOMA, 1480kc.

Washington

Walla Walla—Fridays, 7:45 a. m., KUJ, 1370kc.

Wisconsin

Milwaukee—Every other week, week days, 8:30 a. m., WTMJ, 620kc.

The Monitor Views the News

Following are recent additions to and changes in the last published schedule of these broadcasts. A complete list will appear on the first Friday of each month. These broadcasts are prepared by The Christian Science Monitor and released through the Committees on Publication. All times are local.

New Stations

Illinois

Bloomington—Week days, no regular time assigned, WJBC, 1200kc.

Quotation for Today

TO THEE it seems a setting, but 'tis a rising . . .
What seed went down into the earth but it grew?
What bucket was lowered but it came out brimful?

—RUMI

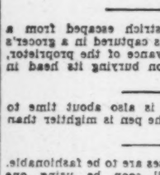
Daily Anecdote

Opposite of Minnehaha

GOVERNOR SAUNDERS of Nebraska, in conversation with Abraham Lincoln, referred to a small settlement on the Weeping Water, one of the rivers of the State.

"Weeping Water?" repeated Mr. Lincoln. "I suppose the Indians out there call it Minnebooboo, don't they? They ought to. If Laughing Water is Minnehaha in their language."

Vocations



(Readers of The Christian Science Monitor are invited to share in this column ideas that have brought success. It is paid for each item accepted.)

Finding Business

A YOUNG grocer in our town found he would have to close his small store unless he could get more customers. Then he had an idea. If business would not come to him, he would go out and bring business in.

Living in a farming section, he decided that it would pay him to carry a grocery store on wheels to the farmers; and if cash was not available, he would take eggs, poultry, and butter for pay. He used his delivery truck to call on farmers living within a reasonable distance from town, while his wife took charge of the store. The country people appreciated this service and responded to it, giving orders each time for what they needed on the next trip. Then, the produce which was taken in exchange for groceries sold readily at a profit.

Because of his enterprise and industry, this young man increased his business so much that he has been able to open up a larger, better-equipped store in town, and to increase his service to the farmers.

Mrs. E. B. K.

In Lighter Vein

Circulation Manager's Song

"How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber
Who promptly renews at the end of each year;
Who sends in her name and money quite gladly,
Who oasis round our sanctum a halo is ever, 'Stop it, I cannot afford it.
I'm getting more magazines now than I read.'
But always says, 'Send it, our folks seem to like it.
We think it a help, and in fact a great need.'
We inwardly bless her, we outwardly thank her—
That steady subscriber who writes, 'Yes, indeed.'"

—Credited to "Exchange" by Christian Advocate.

No Bench

"It's really too silly, this publicity seeking!" announced the solid citizen.

"What's the trouble?" asked a friend.

"Trouble? Look at this newspaper. It says Judge Hankins announced yesterday that he would not sit for a month."

The Local

"Don't stand there loafing," said the college professor.

"We're not loafing," spoke up a member of the group. "There's only three of us, and it takes leaven to make a loaf."

Mutual

A little bird sat on a tree,
And hopped from limb to limb,
And kept his beady eye on me,
While I looked and watched him much amused
Until the thought occurred—
That I was very possible
That I amused and I've still got the
Gold Leaflet

Brevities

Humorist: An ostrich escaped from a private zoo and was captured in a grocer's shop. To the annoyance of the proprietor.

Dallas News: It is also about time to demonstrate that the pen is mightier than the criminal.

Punch: Shiny noses are to be fashionable. Smart women will soon be using one another's noses as mirrors.

Taxpayer

Special to The Christian Science Monitor
New York

A YOUNG woman had chosen to pay her income tax in installments, because other financial obligations were pressing. During the year her regular income was cut off, and all reserve funds went to meet other debts. As a consequence, when the last tax installment became due, she was unable to make payment, and several extensions of the time limit were made necessary.

For many months she was cut off from remunerative employment; but having a home where food and shelter were provided, she was in a situation far from desolate. Thousands were in much worse plight, and many times she wished that she could help some of her more desperate fellows. One day when this desire was especially poignant, she thought with gratitude of the great work of relief then being carried on by the Government. If she had had no home, she was aware, she too might have been forced to turn to the Government for help. Where do these vast sums of relief money come from? She thought. From taxes, of course. Yes, even from the modest income tax she had been paying all these years. Then she, too, had been helping, even as she had desired!

A sudden change came into her thought of the Government. "The Government" had always been a cold, abstract affair to her—more a term than anything else. Now it was realized as a warm, living, constructive agency of which she was a vital part. And from that moment she refused to think of herself as anything but a vital and active part of the Government, capable of doing her share.

Shortly thereafter, modest temporary work came her way, for which she received a small fee. It was the first money she had earned in a long time. Other needs were pressing, but she first hastened to make another income tax payment, proving that she could indeed contribute her share. Her work continued, and soon the tax was entirely paid. Still the "temporary" work continued; and some months later there came, most unexpectedly, a good position at a good salary.

Her new employers were engaged on huge public works projects, and every day she discovered happy circumstances attendant upon the work, which showed that the lines had indeed fallen unto her in pleasant places. But not until almost a week had gone by did the happiest of circumstance of all dawn upon her. Then someone remarked that the money for these projects was being supplied by the PWA. In other words, her friend, the Government! This young woman now has a very interesting story to relate to those rolls round.

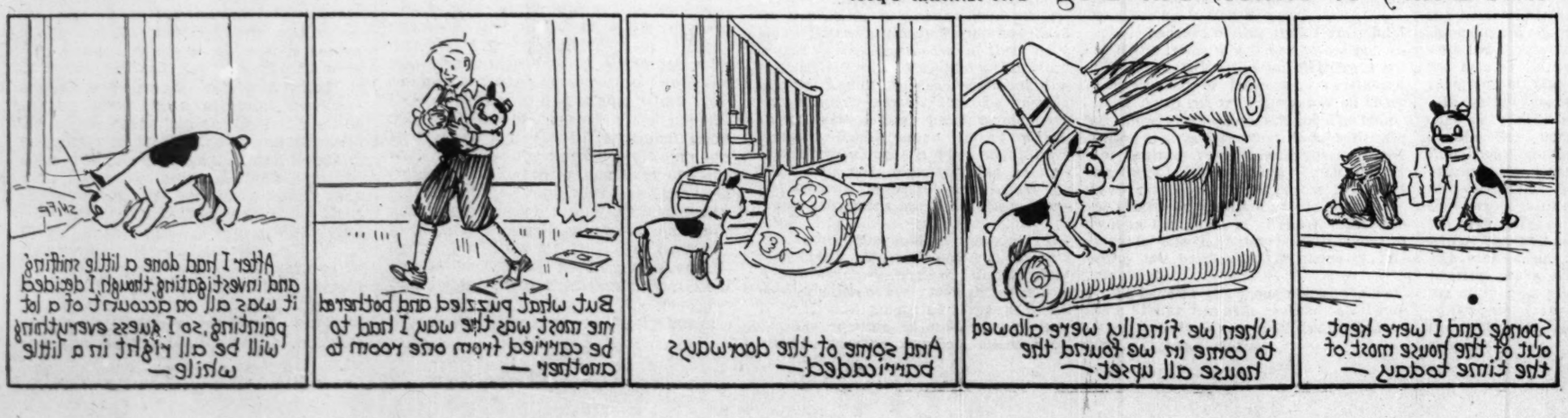
Turkey and Buddy & Co.—Something for Turkey to Think Over

By Le Pelley

I THINK IT WAS ABOUT TIME I WAS BUYING A BOWL FOR YOU !!
SAY — YOU'VE MIXED EVERYTHING UP SO —
WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BUDDY? A FISH HAS TO HAVE A BOWL TO SWIM IN !
YES ! YOUR GOLDFISH WE'LL HAVE TO DEDUCT TWO CENTS AS RENT FOR YOUR OLD GOLDFISH ! THAT LEAVES US NINE CENTS
WELL, THEN THERE IS MY GOLDFISH
LET ME SEE — I SOLD ALL MY THINGS FOR ELEVEN CENTS
HOW MUCH HAVE WE MADE SO FAR ?
RAISING FIFTY CENTS TO TAKE SUSIE TO A PARTY IS PRETTY HARD WITH TURBY HELPING

The Diary of Snubs, Our Dog—The Annual Upset

By Carmack


Spends and I were kept out of the house most of the time today —
When we finally were allowed to come in we found the house all upset —
And some of the doorways barricaded —
But what puzzled and bothered me most was the way I had to be carried from one room to another —
After I had done a little sniffing and investigating though I decided it was all on account of a lot of painting. So I guess everything will be all right in a little while —

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

BOSTON, TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1935 "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear" PUBLISHED BY THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY

Editorials

Economic Statesmanship

NO MERE coincidence brings meetings of both the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Federation of Labor in Washington just now. Of course, the capital is a pleasant place for conventions. And pleasanter just now than in midsummer. But the delegates to these meetings are far more concerned with a fluctuating legislative barometer than with the kind the weather man uses. More or less frankly, they are lobbyists.

Most Americans will find nothing particularly wrong in that. They have grown accustomed to every section of the community putting pressure upon government. As representative government now stands in America, legislators are not supposed to have minds of their own. Their opinions must be the opinions of the dominant group in their constituencies—or the group which can shout loudest. Their abilities are not for the study and judgment of legislation; they are for the promotion of views or projects handed them by lobbyists.

As the system is organized it may be that such lobbies as the federation and the chamber are more useful than harmful. They are for the most part in the open. And while they represent only a minority of labor and of business, they speak for well-informed groups and help to keep their respective groups informed. They seek their own advantage primarily but they are not without some appreciation of the interests of other elements in the community.

The great need is for more understanding of national as opposed to sectional or group interests, and more recognition that the seeking of selfish special privilege injures all, including the supposed beneficiary. One sentence in the statement issued by the National Association of Manufacturers in connection with the Chamber of Commerce convention calls for an economic statesmanship which is still too far ahead of all these groups:

> Our problems call for a broad understanding in every walk of life, that prosperity is dependent upon the recovery of all groups, and that the stirring of antagonisms between groups can but delay the attaining of our common goal.

In the same statement the manufacturers declare that $20,000,000,000 of potential orders is pent up awaiting greater certainty about the course of government. They propose that Congress shelve all reform efforts and leave business alone for a while. Will Rogers said something a few weeks ago in this connection. He said in effect: "The businessmen, they tell the Government, 'Now, see here, we can't recover with you reforming us all the time. How can a man make any money with a cop on every corner? Leave us alone a little while.'"

Of course no one would say seriously what Will Rogers says in jest. We believe the manufacturers have better reasons for asking that business be freed from interference and uncertainty. Yet the cry, "Leave us alone," hardly represents the highest statesmanship. Much of the $20,000,000,000 will flow into the channels of trade regardless of whether the President's legislative program goes through in this session of Congress or the next.

On its side labor would display more enlightenment if it took account of the whole country's needs and considered the destructive effect of its demands for a thirty-hour week. And both labor and business would do well to take account of political necessities, of the need to reconcile all elements in the nation and give every interest its fair voice. They can ill afford to denounce a "bonus march" and then expect by mass pressure in Washington to accomplish their own ends. They never had a greater opportunity to display economic statesmanship.

A Pulncart Panegyric

TONY the organ grinder is shortly to be banished by Draconian decree from New York City, but Polski the pushcart merchant remains—and thrives. Thus does the mart survive while music perishes. In the language of an advertising slogan, there's a reason, and the May number of Fortune gives it.

The tidy little sum of $55,000,000 annually for fruits and vegetables is passed across the pushcart by the residents of the city, and—with much other interesting information about Polski, his industry and his gains—the article points out that the gentleman in question is notoriously absent from the relief rolls. Of course, no self-respecting pushcart merchant ever admits making a profit. Haven't his friends warned him of some mysterious person called Tammany?

In London where a pushcart is known as a barrow and the cheerful cockney costermonger would "lark 'is 'ead hon" if anyone called him a merchant, the glaring oil jets that illumine the long lines of temporary gutter stalls at night make squalid streets quite gay. And on Sundays, with a smartly groomed donkey in the shafts, the barrow becomes a family shay calculated "to knock 'em in the Old Kent Road," in the words of a song all London sang some thirty-odd years ago.

Perhaps, however, the most picturesque of all street vendors is the "marchande des quatre saisons" of the Parisian faubourgs. Of buxom mien and trenchant wit she matches the astute business acumen of the "domestique" who, basket on arm, makes all food purchases with one eye open to the traditional commission she will later exact from her mistress. Like the Sunday morning bird market, the merchant of the four seasons is a Parisian institution.

There is another reason for the perennial popularity of the sidewalk dealer. Nearly everyone likes to bargain a bit and nowhere can the practice be indulged in with such verve and good humor as across the perambulating pushcart.

Letting Go of a Bear

IN ITS silver policy the Treasury seems to have a bear by the tail. Apparently it cannot let go. In fifteen months the price has doubled. Going back another twelvemonth, or to January, 1933, it has trebled. No wonder the silver belt is calling President Roosevelt a greater than Bryan. The great Commoner merely promised action on silver; Mr. Roosevelt is providing it. But the silver agitation merely grows on what it feeds. Representative Dies, for instance, is one of the freely predicting "16 to 1."

Two years ago the silverites were pleading that something should be done for silver for the sake of the billions of Orientals and the millions of Latin Americans whose money is silver. Now the appeal is going to Washington to go slow for the sake of the same people. No wonder the average American, as our Washington correspondent puts it, is baffled.

But the explanation is simple. By domineting the silver market, the United States is dominating the currency of those countries which use silver. Mexico, for instance, employs silver extensively as money. When the price skyrocketed to the point where the intrinsic value of the silver peso was worth more than its face value, Mexico had to apply an embargo on the export of its silver money, because there was a danger that it might all slip out of the country and be sold for its melted-down value.

One fact about the repercussion in Mexico should be noted by the silverites. The Government is calling in the silver coins and handing out paper money in exchange. If this sort of thing extends to those people who prefer to handle silver rather than paper, then the silver miners will lose a lucrative market for their product. Such a prospect may not be discerned by excited silverites. Nor does it interest the army of exchange gamblers and silver speculators who are metaphorically coining money out of the Roosevelt policy. But it is a very real danger to the long-term outlook of silver.

The only way, apparently, that the Treasury can now let go of the silver bear is to short-circuit its way to its goal. That goal has two alternatives. Silver purchasing must cease either when the price has advanced to $1.29 an ounce or when the silver stock has reached a quarter of the total metallic stocks. If the Treasury immediately stepped up the domestic price to $1.29, or revalued its silver as it did its gold (thereby boosting the dollar equivalent of its stocks), it could clear an international atmosphere which is now charged with so much uncertainty that legitimate business is more and more giving place to speculation.

No Camouflage Called For

"WE DO not want to accentuate anything that would look as though we were contemplating passing away from the century-old principle that our Canadian border needs no defense." With these words, Brig. Gen. Charles E. Kilbourne explained his "camouflage" of a provision for a powerful United States air base near the Canadian boundary.

But there seems no more dramatic a way to accentuate a contemplated departure from the long-cherished tradition of an undefended border between the two great North American neighbors than (1) to camouflage it; (2) to explain the camouflage to a secret meeting of the Military Affairs Committee; (3) to allow details of the "secret" meeting, including the camouflage and its explanation, to be published in the newspapers.

However, comments from Canada indicate that the disclosure will cause little disturbance there. A Canadian spokesman has declared that his country would have no real reason to regard the establishment of a United States air base near its border as an unfriendly gesture. In which case it seems that General Kilbourne's "camouflage" was unnecessary unless intended for United States rather than Canadian opinion.

It is interesting, and not without significance, that at the time the air-base plan was attracting attention a celebration was under way in Washington to commemorate the agreement between the United States and Canada which has resulted in one of the world's most impressive monuments to international good will—a 3000-mile unfortified boundary. Despite the good intentions back of General Kilbourne's camouflage, and the good nature with which a military spokesman in Canada received the news of that camouflage, citizens of the two countries should keep their governments unmistakably informed that public sentiment favors a continuation of "the century-old" tradition not only in theory but also in fact.

Practical Politician

Book News of the Day

NOW comes an ambitious and industrious historian who, in the guise of a biographer, draws back the curtain to disclose, somewhat intimately, an almost forgotten epoch in the life of early American political strategists. The AMERICAN TALLEYRAND, by Holmes Alexander (New York: Harper: $3.50), is valuable if it serves to assure the American people that the present era represents rather than initiates, the rule of dominant partisanship.

The subject of Mr. Alexander's study is Martin Van Buren, who is more or less vaguely remembered as having been the eighth President of the United States. Those of us who remember our school histories, many of them written at a time not remote from the days of Van Buren's incumbency, are aware that his was little more than a name in the then somewhat brief list of the Presidents. If we wondered at this, we may find the explanation in the revealing but somewhat sordid record now laid before us.

* * *

One wonders if stark disillusionment, regarding the storied heroes, statesmen, leaders and champions of the past serves to forewarn and forearm us for the battles of the present. When, it may be asked, does the time come when the protecting cloak should be opened? Martin Van Buren, whose frailties had been forgotten, slept, in memory, in company with those of his generation. Prying eyes have discovered and disclosed disillusioning feet of clay. His precarious place among the great is seriously threatened, if not destroyed, and all to no purpose.

Martin Van Buren was, we are reminded, a practical politician. His human origin was lowly and inconspicuous. But worst of all, he seems to have possessed none of the characteristics or elements of greatness. His school of politics was the taproom of his father's tavern in a little town on the Hudson in New York State. For other schools he cared little.

* * *

Van Buren's legacy to his country was, it is made to appear, the school of practical politics. In it he was the first headmaster and mentor. Aaron Burr, the Clintons and other members of the "Little Band," among whom were the Van Alens, the Van Schacks, the Lewises and the Livingstons, were progressively advised and tools in his workshop. He never halted in his march up the hill toward fame until he reached the pinnacle. It was at the top that he revealed himself in all the starkness which until then remained hidden.

From Kinderhook-on-the-Hudson to Albany, to New York City and thence to Washington was a long journey for a chore boy in the tavern taproom. From Washington back to Kinderhook was a journey more quickly made. There, in obscurity, he remained during the years left to him. It would have been as well, perhaps, had the leading tomes, scant and somewhat sordid, been left undisturbed.

F. L. P.

North . . South . . East . . West

One Letter in a Day's Mail

By Frank L. Perrin

NOT so long ago I sat across the desk and visited with the editor of a newspaper in one of the larger cities of the Prairie West. Apparently he had just glanced through a sheaf of unopened letters, which lay in two piles before him. As we settled ourselves to discuss casually the subject uppermost in our thoughts at the moment, my friend carelessly reached out and picked the larger of the two bundles of letters into a waste-paper receptacle at his side. No comment was made by either host or guest. Evidently the action was not unusual. But I wondered what of interest or value had been overlooked. What appeal was to go unanswered? What purposeful criticism or helpful proposal had been ignored?

Do not understand me as implying that all the mail which finds its way to an editor's desk is valuable. Editor's desks are the clearing house for all sorts and kinds of vagaries and criticisms and commendations. To them come appeals that cannot be answered, pleas that ring true, and vain pleadings that reveal duplicity or deceit. But I am quite convinced that if they find their way to the wastebasket this should be only after they have received more than superficial consideration.

* * *

Today one letter stands out from all the others before me on my desk. It was not necessary for the thoughtful secretary to mark it "No money inclosed." In its upper right-hand corner it bore a number of five figures, the designation of an inmate in a western penitentiary. Many letters similarly earmarked have come this way, but no two of them have been alike. Each has told its pitiful story of a wrecked life, of disillusionment, disappointment, disaster. But the varying though always drab backgrounds have revealed some human frailty which, somewhere along the way, might have been corrected, some yielding to disproper safeguards, might have been withstood.

But this letter today, unless my discerning sense is grossly deceived, presents a case which deserves the unprejudiced consideration of every thoughtful person, be he layman, practicing lawyer or jurist. Let the question of guilt or innocence remain, for the moment, unanswered. That, for the time being, is not an issue. The writer of the letter declares, without emotion, that he is innocent. Yet he is confined today in the last house adjoining the chamber where the law exacts the extreme penalty from those whom it declares guilty of a capital crime. Fifteen other men occupy cells in the block set apart for those who have been sentenced to precede or follow the writer of the letter to the chair.

Of these sixteen, it is said, but two or three were able to employ counsel to conduct their defense. All the others were defended by lawyers appointed by the court. These stood, for the purposes of the moment, in the role of public defenders. How skillfully or how helpfully they filled their assignment may be judged from the fact that not one of their foster clients was acquitted. Of course there always is, despite the fiction to the contrary, the presumption of guilt which, before a jury, can be overcome only by convincing or almost irrefutable evidence of innocence.

* * *

As to the guilt or innocence of the writer of the letter we have only the declaration of innocence made by the defendant who stands in the shadow of the chair, and the deliberated verdict of twelve of his peers who have, perhaps unwillingly, consented to his execution. I have no desire to try this or any other case out of court, much less to attempt to thwart a just decree. But it is the inalienable right of a citizen, a husband and father, whether falsely or justly accused, to be accorded a fair trial, whether he is rich or poor.

It is because of this that I am glad I read the letter which lies before me. In that letter, written in pencil, there is not a misspelled or improperly capitalized word. As to the truthfulness of all there set down, deponent saveth not. The temptation is to believe what he says, despite the contrary verdict. Somewhere, it may be, there is some generous Justice-loving lawyer who, conscious of the injustices practiced by putative public defenders, will in the name of offended right step into the breach at the eleventh hour and carry the banner in the name of humanity.

We have weeks enough along the way. The lifeline can still be used to salvage human craft in danger of destruction on the rocks and shoals.

Another Case of "First Things First"

Hanging the May Baskets

IN HOW many English-speaking lands, I wonder, does the gentle custom of hanging May baskets prevail among children? This question is one that has come to me only in recent years. Children themselves never stop to wonder why they look upon the night of May first as a time when they may behave quite like sprites, leaving baskets of wild blooms at doorsteps, ringing bells and vanishing, pretending that it was all done by unseen hands.

Wherever the custom began—probably in some flower-fragrant English village—it never found more enthusiastic followers than in a certain rough mining town on the bluffs of the Illinois river, where we were children. Preparing for May-Day might was a joyful rite among us for a long week before. Our elders told us nothing about it; but older children soon showed us the way. For when the soggy turf began to show yellow-green under the April sun, and the cherry buds grew plump on their dark twigs, we knew it was time for making May baskets.

The styles were traditional. Perhaps there were slight, imperceptible developments from year to year, but never, never any bold innovations. The loveliest May baskets, all agreed, were made lovingly by hand with stiff paper, paste, tissue-paper and scissors. You made the basket of paper yourself—to buy a basket was simply not permitted.

A handle of braided tissue or crepe paper sewed to the box, with a frill to hide the joining, finished the best baskets. But not all were so elaborate. Simple cornucopias twisted from sample of wall paper were also acceptable, although they were never admired as were those of the required more handwork. The canons of taste in May baskets were well understood. The basket had to be dainty and fancy, but it must not be overdone.

Sometimes arrival of May first found violets and buttercups in bloom. We had to go much farther to get them than to get fruit blossoms—way down the river road to the lowlands of the Illinois, but once having obtained permission to go picking flowers, what treasures we gathered! Glistening yellow buttercups and a few rare white trilliums set off the violets that we held in tight bunches. How many shades of lavender and purple we found and how charmingly they blended with the lavender tissue paper of our baskets when we got them home at last. We had to be careful not to wear out our poesies, trying out the effects.

* * *

All this was a prelude to the real event of May Day, the hanging of baskets after dark. Twilight was always slow in coming on May Day, and we often were tempted to start out before it was quite night, although this was not good form. Our code said that the basket handles were to be slipped on door knobs when it was too dark to see anyone approaching and that under cover of darkness one was to slip into hiding in near-by shrubbery, to watch with satisfaction the expression on the face of one's friend as she opened the door and let the full light fall on the expected "surprise."

Then came the exciting moment, when the friend tried to catch the person who brought the basket, usually without success. Were we disappointed not to be identified as the donor of the happy gift? Strangely not. I must confess that sometimes the recipient of the basket (and we all took our turns in this role), was home, peering cautiously out the big plate-glass front window to spy the May-basket hanger as she approached. But even if this method was not used, somehow we always knew who made our basket. There was something individual about each one's style.

* * *

Boys sometimes took part in May-Day festivities, but they did it very shyly and secretly. It wasn't really a boy's time, like Hallowe'en. Roughness was severely frowned on, and there just wasn't much a fellow could do about it except comply with the standards of decorum set by the girls. We always felt, though, that those days in our rough-and-tumble mid-west town boys were inclined to regard the arts as "sissy," but they made an exception on May Day.

In recent years I have read in the papers of radical demonstrations planned for May Day. Perhaps by this time May first should connote to me parades, red banners, the unrest of the modern industrial world. But it doesn't. On the contrary, I think that I, and every person who lived as a youngster in towns where May-basket hanging was a custom, will think of May Day as a day of light-hearted peace, when one gives for the joy of it, and when one's only concern is that the crabapple buds be full, and the violets be perky on their tenuous stems.

D. K.

The Wide Horizon

Taming the New Guinea Wilds

By Marc T. Greene

NEW GUINEA, largest island in the East, bigger than the biggest American state, is still for the most part a region beyond civilization. Except for a few coast settlements, the Morobe and adjacent gold fields and an occasional remote mission station, it is practically unknown. The New Guinea "wild" is larger and even more mysterious than that of interior Brazil or of southwestern Asia.

All this mystery, all this remoteness from the world, is a challenge to the small class of valiant men who are ever pushing forward the boundaries of civilization, forcing farther back the last frontiers. Some of them are now at work in New Guinea and more are on the way. One is Commander Dyatt, American explorer and adventurer who went into the wilds of Brazil not long ago in the hope of finding some traces of the lost Englishman, Col. P. W. Fawcett who, with his son, one other white man and several Indians, disappeared there in 1925. Commander Dyatt, who is now seeking the consent and aid of the Australian Government, declares that, with a couple of scientists, he will explore some 10,000 square miles of interior New Guinea.

* * *

The huge island is divided into three political sections. The former German colony is under Australian mandate, the southern district called Papua is an Australian colony and the rest, comprising about half of the whole, is part of the Dutch East Indian Empire.

Australia's achievements in the mandated territory have been truly remarkable. The first and greatest achievement was the opening of the Morobe gold fields. Only a few reckless prospectors had ever forced a way into the steamy jungle which surrounds the diggings until the region came under Australian dominance. Yet there were not lacking indications that great wealth lay concealed here and British determination brought about its discovery.

The problem was to bring in machinery, equipment and supplies. The distance was not far, but the jungle was impenetrable. Remained, then, the air route. And so there was put into operation what was, and still is, the most remarkable air service in the world. Rising from the coast and soaring more than 10,000 feet skyward to surmount the thicket-covered mountains, huge plane transported mining machinery, materials for shops and homes, supplies, and even horses. And so with this the sole means of communication with the ports where touch ships from Australia, hail a dozen companies are now working the New Guinea fields.

* * *

And the possibility that these stores of gold, unknown to men until within a dozen years, may extend far into the interior, very likely into regions yet unknown, is part of the challenge which is inspiring resolute men to the task of taming the greatest of all remaining "wilds." It may be that here is destined to be revealed the greatest of all gold treasures. That, too, has sent a number of prospectors pushing westward from Morobe into a vast area which is still a blank on the maps.

These men have made other discoveries even more interesting. They have practically established the fact that in the interior of New Guinea there is a large population whose existence has never been suspected.

One such tribe, indeed, was discovered not long ago by a small Australian police party which, having penetrated farther into the interior than anyone had gone before, came to their astonishment upon a high plateau between two 15,000-foot ranges, to find there a great tribe which, though Stone Age in many of its customs, yet had developed agriculture to a remarkable point of efficiency and was possessed of not a little social culture.

Now another somewhat similar discovery is announced. Several Australian fliers, traversing the interior, have passed over another high valley which they report to be full of people engaged in agriculture and having a cleverly arranged irrigation system. The valley is at an altitude of several thousand feet, giving it a perfect climate, luxuriant flora and a fertile soil.

It is clear that many of these newfound peoples, perhaps most of them, are neither head-hunters nor even savages. Whence they came and when, to blend with the New Guinea race, itself of unknown origin, is one of the fascinating mysteries of this region where the inevitable white man is now about to introduce the taming process.

Mirror of Opinion

Do We Need Leadership?

ONE of the cleverest sophistries foisted upon society today is the clanging every-thing to the back of "leadership" and declaring that what the world needs is a "leader." What the world needs is to be rid of "leaders."

The future of civilization depends upon fraternization—the recognition by each unit in society that each and every other human being has an equal right "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," without inquiry as to the character of tools either men and women, or national lines.

Wipe out the leadership that sets carpenter against accountant and Protestant against Catholic and Californian against Kansan and let the human sympathies freed of cultivated hatreds dictate the activities of each.—Secramento (Calif.) Union Labor Bulletin.